SOLOMON

DE

MUNDI VANITATE.

POEMA

MATTHÆI PRIOR Arm.

LATINE REDDITUM,

Per GUIL. DOBSON, Nov. Coll. Oxon. Schol.

OXONIÆ,
E THEATRO SHELDONIANO,
MDCCXXXIV.

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HONORABILI JUVENI

Johanni Wallop Arm.

HONORATISSIMI VICE-COMITIS

DE

LYMINGTON

FILIO NATU MAXIMO.

LEVE hoc munuſculum, Juvenis ornatiſſime, in Schola *Wintonienſi* nuper abſolutum, Tibi humillime offerri patiaris. Quod Te amice accepturum nullus dubito, quum in ſtudiis proſequendis aſtrictiori quadam Neceſſitudine Tibi propius aſſidens, penitius perſpexerim, quanta morum ſua-

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ſuavitate ſis; quam humanioris Literaturæ amans. Licebit de his nugis quodammodo gloriari, ſiquid forſan oblectamenti, quantulumcunque ſit, Tibi inde proveniat; Tibi, Viri illius Honoratiſſimi Filio, cujus ſi effuſam in me meoſque Benevolentiam profiteri dubitarem, indignus viderer qui expertus eſſem. Quem, arduum Virtutis Exemplar, faxit Deus, ſtrenue imiteris; mores eximios avide imbibas; veſtigia propius ſequaris: ut cum anni accreverint provectiores, quanto jam *Wiccamicis*, tanto Patriæ ſis ornamento.

Tibi Devinctiſſimus

Tuique Obſervantiſſimus

GUIL. DOBSON.

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SOLOMON
De MUNDI
VANITATE.
SCIENTIA:
LIBER PRIMUS.

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SCIENTIA:
LIBER PRIMUS.

AUdite, O Gentes; Linguis Animiſque favete:
Suadet Amor, veraxque jubet Sapientia fari,
Quæ mihi ſollicito verſat ſub Pectore Muſa,
Vana docens quæcunque agimus, quæcunque putamus.
Quòd ſeptem denos peregrinis callibus Annos,
Per Rupeſque Periclorum, Lacrymiſque fluentes
Valliculas acti, perplexo Errore vagamur,
Laſſatique Viæ, timidique accedere Metam.
Quòdque pari à Cunis ſortimur Lege Tumultus
Affectuſque leves, Curaſque & Inania Rerum;
Jamque aderit cum ſumma Dies, Hoc ſcire erit unum,
Nos omnes (triſti meditor quod dicere Verſu)
Gaudia ficta ſequi, veriſque Doloribus angi.

Pax Animi, uſque adeo vigilantibus obvia Somnis
Vitæ, ſic falsò dictæ; Verſumque ſequacem
Ludere mobiliter laſciva, Volatilis Umbra,
Tenuis Imago Boni, vanus quam parturit Error,

Cre-

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KNOWLEDGE:

THE FIRST BOOK.

YE Sons of Men, with juſt Regard attend,
Obſerve the Preacher, and believe the Friend,
Whoſe ſerious Muſe inſpires him to explain,
That all we Act, and all we Think is Vain.
That in this Pilgrimage of Seventy Years,
O'er Rocks of Perils, and thro' Vales of Tears
Deſtin'd to march, our doubtful Steps we tend,
Tir'd with the Toil, yet fearful of it's End.
That from the Womb We take our fatal Shares
Of Follies, Paſſions, Labors, Tumults, Cares;
And at Approach of Death ſhall only know
The Truths, which from theſe penſive Numbers flow,
That We purſue falſe Joy, and ſuffer real Woe.

Happineſs, object of that waking Dream,
Which we call Life, miſtaking; Fugitive Theme
Of my purſuing Verſe; Ideal Shade;
Notional Good, by Fancy only made,

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Credulitaſque fovet; mendaci Luce coruſcans
Ducis, & incertos præfers palantibus Ignes.
O Fons Curarum, captæque Inſania Mentis!
Quòd ſi forte Deus Te deſignaſſet ADAMO,
Aut unquam Munus tantum indulſiſſet habendum
Humano Generi, SOLOMONIS tota fuiſſes:
In noſtros flueret Sors aurea, largior æquo,
Toto Fonte ſinus, plenamque inverteret Urnam.

At Dolor! ante Hominem quam Dextra ſuprema [creaſſet,
Cum nondum ſteterat jacto fundamine Terra,
Decretum eſt, vanos tentante Cupidine Niſus,
Ut ſine fine petita recederet uſque Voluptas.
Hoc lugubre loquor, Vita ſuadente Magiſtra;
Flebile Lingua refert, Animus quod flebile ſentit.

DAVIDE natus Ego, Patri cariſſima Proles,
Deliciæ Populi, Solio ſublimis *Ebræo*,
Auguſtas Ædes tota cum dives *Ophiro*
Ornâram, famaque extremo Oriente ferebar;
Cum mille affluerent Veneres ad amabile Corpus,
Robore nobilitante artus, Dulcedine vultum;
Cum mihi lucida Mens fœtis Conceptibus aucta,
Ingenium velox, ſolidumque vigeret acumen;

Heus

And by Tradition nurs'd, fallacious Fire,
Whose dancing Beams mis-lead our fond Desire,
Cause of our Care, and Error of our Mind:
O! had'st Thou ever been by Heav'n design'd
To ADAM, and his Mortal Race; the Boon
Entire, had been reserv'd for SOLOMON:
On Me the partial Lot had been bestow'd;
And in my Cup the golden Draught had flow'd.

But O! e'er yet Original Man was made;
E'er the Foundations of this Earth were laid;
It was, opponent to our Search, ordain'd,
That Joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This, sad Experience cites me to reveal;
And what I dictate, is from what I feel.

Born as I was, great DAVID's fav'rite Son,
Dear to my People, on the *Hebrew* Throne
Sublime, my Court with OPHIR's Treasures blest,
My Name extended to the farthest East,
My Body cloth'd with ev'ry outward Grace,
Strength in my Limbs, and Beauty in my Face,
My shining Thought with fruitful Notions crown'd,
Quick my Invention, and my Judgment sound;

Arise

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Heus ſurgas, (habita eſt mecum Sententia) ſurgas,
Ut Felix, Meditare; ut ſis Magnus, Sapere aude:
Pectoris exoritur Pax inconcuſſa Sciendo;
Nam Scire eſt ipſi Virtus cognata JEHOVÆ.

Hæc fatus, vèneranda dedi mandata per Urbes:
Mox Solium cingunt Doctorum immenſa Corona;
Hiſtoricos Libros, antiqua Volumina pandunt;
Verba graves habuere Senes, legere Minores:
Audieram attentus; tandem dubitata loquebar:

Per Terras quodcunque Viret, ſeu Planta, vel Arbor,
Quod Genus & Nomen, quæ ſit Natura, quis Ordo,
Me bene nôſſe ferunt, ea noſtri Fama vagatur,
A Cedro excelſa, *Lebani* quæ in vertice duro
Sublime undantes movet inter nubila ramos,
Serpentem ad Muſcum, & diffuſam Mænia circum
Hyſſopum: tamen ah! mihi conſcius Ipſe fatebor
Mille animum implicitos ſcrutantem eludere Nodos.

Me latet, emiſſis cur Fagus plurima ramis
Undique luxurians teretem exſpatiatur in umbram;
Dum celſis decreſcit Apex ſub imagine Coni
Abjetibus, nubes & cuſpide ſcindit acuta:

Cur

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Ariſe, (I commun'd with my ſelf) ariſe;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wiſe:
Content of Spirit muſt from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I ſaid; and ſent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* ſtand,
Hiſtoric Leaves revolve, long Volumes ſpread,
The Old diſcourſing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and ſaid:

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree,
I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of LEBANON nodding ſupremely tall,
To creeping *Moſs*, and *Hyſſop* on the Wall:
Yet juſt and conſcious to my ſelf, I find
A thouſand Doubts oppoſe the ſearching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilſt tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* form ariſe,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:

Nor

Cur Quercus renovata Comas redeuntibus Annis
Auguſti capitis varium tranſmutat honorem;
Dum gerit æternam Taxus ſibi fida Juventam,
Ramo ſemper eodem, immutatoque colore.
Cur orbata perit geniali lumine Caltha?
Cur nigrantem animat feliciùs Umbra Cupreſſum?
Exoptant mediam cur Ficus Palmaque ſedem,
Et dare radices porrecta per æquora gaudent;
Dum viget inferiore Cucurbita læta Palude,
Et circum Montes umbracula nectit Oliva?
Cur Cœlum haud aliud, Locus haud diverſus, amictu
Induit ardenti rubicunda Papaveris ora,
Lilia inornatos patitur palleſcere vultus,
Cæruleaque humiles Violas ferrugine pingit?
Cur Carophyllon amat laſcivum pandere ſoli
Tot varios una naſcentes ſtirpe colores,
Dum ſibi diſſimilis Tulippa aſſurgit in auras
Partitis radiis, duplicique inſignis honore?
Brachia tortile Jaſma, Roſæque rubentia labra
Mane novo fundunt redolentes prodiga flatus;
Narciſſus, cum Junquela fragrante, fatetur
Fortius infuſas hauſiſſe à Veſpere vires.
Dicite, ſylveſtres Fœtus, Floreſque tenellos
Unde agit occulti diverſa potentia Fati?

Cur

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Nor why again the changing *Oak* ſhould ſhed
The Yearly Honour of his ſtately Head;
Whilſt the diſtinguiſh'd *Yew* is ever ſeen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypreſs* flouriſh in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date*, why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;
While in the lower Marſh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-ſhade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The bluſhing *Poppy* with a crimſon Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to ſhoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;
While the fantaſtic *Tulip* ſtrives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak;
The twining *Jaſmine*, and the bluſhing *Roſe*,
With laviſh Grace their Morning Scents diſcloſe:
The ſmelling *Tub'roſe* and *Junquele* declare,
The ſtronger Impulſe of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (reſolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Inſtinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?

Cur eadem tellus, cœlum, amnis, ſpiritus idem
Ad vitam levat hunc, ad funera deprimit illum?

Queis oritur Cauſis, *Animatæ* ut nomine *Plantæ*
Senſus ineſt? ſeſe unde movet, tactumque refugit?
Unde ſequi imperium faciles didicere capilli,
Et tremere admotam celeri formidine dextram?

Per Ripam æſtivam vel aquoſi gramina prati
Diverſam jactant foliorum millia formam:
Natali contenta Solo ſecuraque florent,
Texere nec diſcunt, operamve inſumere curant;
Illa tamen clarè ardeſcunt, ridentque ſuperbam
Pauperiem noſtræ veſtis, luxumque minorem.
Cincta magis nitido flavent Verbaſcula cultu,
Quàm Velum, pectus quod adultæ Virginis ambit;
Fulgidiorque Rubor clareſcit in ore Roſarum,
Quàm fluitante novi ſuffuſus ſyrmate Sponſi.
Aſpice Liliolum, cui ſplendor humillimus agris;
Cedere ſi poſſit Ratione Superbia victa,
Ipſe etiam facto certamine DAVIDE natus,
Ipſe minùs fulget, ſolio ſublimis in aureo,
Indutus Trabeam & veneranda Inſignia regni,
Quæſitumque decus; quàm Floſculus iſte, decora
Simplicitate nitens, nudoq; illuſtris honore. In-

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Why ſhould one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raiſe this to Strength, and ſicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Senſitive*, ſhould move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to anſwer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the Neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thouſand Stalks their various Bloſſoms ſpread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to ſpin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confeſs'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowſlip* ſmiles, in brighter yellow dreſs'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breaſt.
A fairer Red ſtands bluſhing in the *Roſe*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Veſtment flows.
Take but the humbleſt *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reaſon yield,
It muſt by ſure Compariſon be ſhown,
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID's Son,
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with leſs Glory, than that ſimple Flow'r.

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Indigenam undarum gentem ſcrutemur, Amici,
Quo generet more & reſpiret muta Caterva;
A plebe exigua, quæ lubrica labitur amne
Jordani, ſine honore natans, ſine nomine turba,
Ipſam ad Balænam, quæ vexans æquora ſaltu,
Mole ruens ingenti immania corpora volvit,
Irridetque Notum, exercetque in Turbine luſus.
Protinus, inverſo mutatis ſedibus anno,
Ut migrant omnes audaciter, agmine facto,
Fluctibus ex ſtrictis, rigidique horroribus Axis,
Tendentes illuc, ubi ridet amicior aer.
Sollicitam ut ſtimulat ſua cuique Scientia curam
Conciliare ſinus aptos, lymphaſque, ciboſque,
Semina complecti, teneramque attollere prolem.

Explorem aerias Gentes, ut quæque ſtruendo
Colligit inſtrumenta ſuis accommoda Nidis;
Fingit opus, quale humani vis ſumma cerebri
Mutabit fruſtrà, vanaque imitabitur arte.
Ut brevibus ſobolem tentare volatibus audent,
Diſcipulo implumi cantus referente paternos.
Cur hoc planitie, ſylva Genus illud oberrat:
Cur Tellus proprium ſortita eſt ſingula fætum.
Ardua Grus, ſinuanſque fugam quò cedit Hirundo,

Ut

Of Fiſhes next, my Friends, I would enquire,
How the mute Race engender, or reſpire;
From the ſmall Fry that glide on JORDAN's Stream
Unmark'd, a Multitude without a Name,
To that *Leviathan*, who o'er the Seas
Immenſe rolls onward his impetuous Ways,
And mocks the Wind, and in the Tempeſt plays.
How They in warlike Bands march greatly forth
From freezing Waters, and the colder North,
To Southern Climes directing their Career,
Their Station changing with th' inverted Year.
How all with careful Knowledge are indu'd,
To chuſe their proper Bed, and Wave, and Food:
To guard their Spawn, and educate their Brood.

Of Birds, how each according to her Kind
Proper Materials for her Neſt can find;
And build a Frame, which deepeſt Thought in Man
Would or amend, or imitate in vain.
How in ſmall Flights They know to try their Young,
And teach the callow Child her Parent's Song.
Why theſe frequent the Plain, and thoſe the Wood,
Why ev'ry Land has her ſpecific Brood.
Where the tall *Crane*, or winding *Swallow* goes,

Fear-

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Ut fugiant Boreæ fera bella, niveſque ruentes:
An ſeſe in latebris ſaxorum altiſque recondant
Arboribus, ſomno per tempora certa ſepultæ;
An propiore Malo trepidantes, præpete penna
Mollius ad Cœlum, placidaſque ferantur ad oras.

Diſcemus Pecorumque Inſectorumque vagantûm
Mirandum ingenium, variaſque ex ordine Gentes;
Seu fera, ſeu tractanda, Homini vel iniqua vel æqua,
Quantùm Illa aut Nobis, aut Nos cognoſcimur Illis?

Vos docti narrate Senes, quicunque ſtudetis
Naturæ arcanos intus penetrare receſſus,
Unde docetur Apes ſe ferre audacibus alis
Per mille ancipiteſque vias, cœlumque profundum.
Unde fugit lentam viſco ſtagnante paludem,
Fœcundos viſens Colles, ubi dulcior Herba,
Melliferique expanſa recludunt germina Flores.
Unde indenſatis tenebris & Sole cadentî
Scire poteſt operæ finem adventare diurnæ?
Quis docuit ventis pluviiſque opponere pectus,
Ferre domum fragrans ad certa Alvearia pondus;
Et pennis iterum Campos tranare liquentes,
Morigeras reſonis dantem tinnitibus aures?

Tu-

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Fearful of gathering Winds, and falling Snows:
If into Rocks, or hollow Trees they creep,
In temporary Death confin'd to Sleep;
Or conſcious of the coming Evil, fly
To milder Regions, and a Southern Sky.

Of Beaſts and creeping Inſects ſhall we trace
The wond'rous Nature, and the various Race;
Or wild or tame, or Friend to Man or Foe,
Of Us what They, or what of Them We know?

Tell me, Ye ſtudious, who pretend to ſee
Far into Nature's Boſom, whence the *Bee*
Was firſt inform'd her vent'rous Flight to ſteer
Thro' tractleſs Paths, and an Abyſs of Air.
Whence She avoids the ſlimy Marſh, and knows
The fertile Hills, where ſweeter Herbage grows,
And Hony-making Flow'rs their opening Buds diſcloſe.
How from the thicken'd Miſt, and ſetting Sun
Finds She the Labor of her Day is done?
Who taught Her againſt Winds and Rains to ſtrive,
To bring her Burden to the certain Hive,
And thro' the liquid Fields again to paſs
Dutious, and hark'ning to the ſounding Braſs?

And

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Tuque aperi, Ceſſator iners, æſtate ſerena
Cur opibus Formica fluens cavet aſpera brumæ:
Ire redire viam repetito ſedula curſu,
Exſtruat ut cumulos; plenamque ubi carpſit ariſtam,
Unde levi granum prærodit provida morſu,
Nè, dum terra tegit, rurſum radicibus actis,
Deceptos ploret conatus irrita Cura?
Conſpicienda patent Inſecti utriuſque Labore
Signa Animi manifeſta, Ars provida, Speſque, Timorq;.

Jamq; age, flecte oculos, animumq; advorte, recenti
Ex Utero tenerum ad Culicem, Muſcamque renatam;
Vermiculumque humilem, heſterno qui repere cæpit
Vix ſub Sole; tuos, Homo Res viliſſima, Fratres.
More Tui motuſque cient, ſpirantque videntque,
Atque animi Affectus externa per acta loquuntur:
Spicula torquentes tanquam præludia, narrant
Collectam rabiem & venturi fulmina belli.
Ovaque dum pariunt, fætûs promiſſa futuri,
Fœcundoſque ignes, vireſque fatentur Amoris.
Cuique ſua accedunt, queis digerat, Organa, Victum,
Semina quæ generent, & quæ generata recondant;
Sunt Membra & Nervi, Cruor, & cum Corde Cerebrum,
Officiis fungi, quæ Vitæ poſtulat Uſus;
Tota licet parvum non æquet Fabrica granum. Quid

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And, O Thou Sluggard, tell me why the *Ant*
'Midſt Summer's Plenty thinks of Winter's Want:
By conſtant Journies careful to prepare
Her Stores; and bringing home the Corney Ear,
By what Inſtruction does She bite the Grain,
Left hid in Earth, and taking Root again,
It might elude the Foreſight of her Care?
Diſtinct in either Inſect's Deed appear
The marks of Thought, Contrivance, Hope, and Fear.

Fix thy corporeal, and internal Eye
On the Young *Gnat*, or new-engender'd *Fly*;
On the vile *Worm*, that Yeſterday began
To crawl; Thy Fellow-Creatures, abject Man!
Like Thee they breath, they move, they taſte, they ſee,
They ſhow their Paſſions by their Acts like Thee:
Darting their Stings, they previouſly declare
Deſign'd Revenge, and fierce intent of War:
Laying their Eggs, they evidently prove
The Genial Pow'r, and full Effect of Love.
Each then has Organs to digeſt his Food,
One to beget, and one receive the Brood:
Has Limbs and Sinews, Blood, and Heart, and Brain,
Life and her proper Functions to ſuſtain;
Tho' the whole Fabric ſmaller than a Grain.

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Quid noſtra exilis Ratio concedere poſſit
Plus Cete immenſo, turrito plus Elephanti,
Immodicis *Nili* undarum terroribus, Hydræ
Criſtatæ, caudamque flagellanti Crocodilo,
Quam titulo & forma ſolum diſcrimen haberi,
Ut ſua cuique datur major ſtructura minorve?

Namque Opifex vario gaudet Natura labore,
Nunc amat effuſum Spatium, nunc arctius optat:
Jamque minuta nimis, nimium jam grandia fingit,
Humani Senſûs modulo indignata teneri.
Latius Objectum, ſeu ſe ſublimius effert,
Effigiem veram neſcit comprendere Viſus:
Sin minus evadat, perſtrictum ludit ocellum;
Confuſæ tenebræ, aut lux indiviſa videtur.
Diſperdunt variatam Æther atque Unda figuram;
Recta gerit curvæ faciem, quadrata rotundæ.

Dum ſic deluſa ſpe, protractoque labore
Naturæ fruſtra ſequimur venerabile numen;
Illa ſub obtecto ſedet impercepta receſſu;
Circiter agglomerans ſe plurima fundit Imago,
Formarumque immenſa cohors, quas myſtica Diva
Ocytus induit, exuit, immutatque tenetve,

Ut

What more can our penurious Reaſon grant
To the large *Whale*, or Caſtled *Elephant*,
To thoſe enormous Terrors of the NILE,
The creſted *Snake*, and long-tail'd *Crocodile*,
Than that all differ but in Shape and Name,
Each deſtin'd to a leſs, or larger Frame?

For potent Nature loves a various Act,
Prone to enlarge, or ſtudious to contract:
Now forms her Work too ſmall, now too immenſe,
And ſcorns the Meaſures of our feeble Senſe.
The Object ſpread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies it's real Image to the Eye:
Too little, it eludes the dazl'd Sight;
Becomes mixt Blackneſs, or unparted Light.
Water and Air the varied Form confound;
The Strait looks crooked, and the Square grows round.

Thus while with fruitleſs Hope, and weary Pain,
We ſeek great Nature's Pow'r, but ſeek in vain;
Safe ſits the Goddeſs in her dark Retreat;
Around Her, Myriads of *Ideas* wait,
And endleſs Shapes, which the Myſterious Queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain:

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Cum volet abſtruſis Decretis fallere Mentem
Ambiguam, frænisque Hominis compeſcere Faſtum.

Sævit adhuc mores immitis & effera Tigris,
Carceris impatiens, denteſque in vincla fatigat:
Oblato lymphæque & amico munere victûs
Grata parum, & crudelis opem feritate repenſans,
Frangere corpus avet, venaſque haurire Magiſtri.
Dum fervor generoſus Equi, vireſque Cameli,
Imparibus faciles ſe ſub juga mittere dextris,
Dant Equiti flectenda minacia fulmine colla,
Reſpondent ſtimulis, & fræni juſſa capeſſunt;
Expandunt avidas præbenti pabula fauces,
Pondus amant Domini, & ſumptis lætantur habenis.

Quinetiam Vulpes latè incomitata vagatur,
Nocturnam fraudem, & tacitas meditata rapinas;
Nunc circum clivos fertur, nunc vallibus errat,
Suſpecta humani Generis veſtigia vitans:
At Canis interea, Gens blanda Hominique fidelis,
Quanquam illi & ſpecies & forma ſimillima Vulpis;
Horrentes vitat clivos valleſque reductas,
Calle pedes iterat trito, & ſua tecta requirit;

Vul-

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As from our loft Purfuit She wills to hide
Her clofe Decrees, and chaften human Pride.

Untam'd and fierce the *Tiger* ftill remains:
He tires his Life in biting on his Chains:
For the kind Gifts of Water, and of Food,
Ungrateful, and returning Ill for Good,
He feeks his Keeper's Flefh, and thirfts his Blood:
While the ftrong *Camel*, and the gen'rous *Horfe*,
Reftrain'd and aw'd by Man's inferior Force,
Do to the Rider's Will their Rage fubmit,
And anfwer to the Spur, and own the Bit;
Stretch their glad Mouths to meet the Feeder's Hand,
Pleas'd with his Weight, and proud of his Command.

Again: the lonely *Fox* roams far abroad,
On fecret Rapin bent, and Midnight Fraud;
Now haunts the Cliff, now traverfes the Lawn;
And flies the hated Neighborhood of Man:
While the kind *Spaniel*, and the faithful *Hound*,
Likeft that *Fox* in Shape and Species found,
Refufes thro' thefe Cliffs and Lawns to roam;
Purfues the noted Path, and covets home;

Does

Vultibus arridens notis, teſtatur amorem
Blanditiis, manditque ſatur quod projicit Infans,
Et lambit charum lingua moriente Magiſtrum.

Cujuſnam impulſu cauſæ propiore cientur,
Ardua res, fateor, multis diſquirere factis.
Sunt alia interea, queis perſpexiſſe videmur
Principia Illorum nihilo diſcordia noſtris;
Nobiſcum fugienda timent, optanda ſequuntur;
Toxica dum renuunt, alimenta innoxia libant.
Oderunt & amant ad noſtra exempla, ſciuntque
Grátari Sociis, Hoſtemque laceſſere pugna.
Quicquid agunt, animo prius inſtituiſſe videntur,
Propoſitumque apto veſtigant tramite finem.
Scilicet iſta errat latè Doctrina, moveri
Facta Hominum Ratione, Inſtinctu facta Ferarum.
Nam quo jure licet diverſas fingere cauſas,
Cum ſimul Effectus ex omni parte cohærent?
Quo Ratio Inſtinctu ſecerni limite poſſit?
Dividit has Doctorum ignara ſuperbia voces,
Dum quæ ſcire nequit, metuit neſcire fateri.

Haud minus inſipiens Homo jactat Seque ſuumque
Imperium, juſſis Fera ſi parere recuſet.

Dic

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Does with kind Joy Domeſtic Faces meet;
Take what the glutted Child denies to eat;
And dying, licks his long-lov'd Maſter's Feet.

*By what immediate Cauſe They are inclin'd,
In many Acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I ſee in others, or I think I ſee,
That ſtrict their Principles, and our's agree.
Evil like Us they ſhun, and covet Good;
Abhor the Poiſon, and receive the Food.
Like Us they love or hate: like Us they know,
To joy the Friend, or grapple with the Foe.
With ſeeming Thought their Action they intend,
And uſe the Means proportion'd to the End.
Then vainly the Philoſopher avers,
That Reaſon guides our Deed, and Inſtinct their's.
How can We juſtly diff'rent Cauſes frame,
When the Effects entirely are the ſame;
Inſtinct and Reaſon how can we divide?
'Tis the Fool's Ign'rance, and the Pedant's Pride.

With the ſame Folly ſure, Man vaunts his Sway;
If the brute Beaſt refuſes to Obey.

For

Dic age, multa minans cum voce exclamat inani
Se latè in terris Dominum, & regere omnia nutu;
Nonne metu horreſcit, ne fortior ira Leonis
Fictitiæ legi ſublatum opponeret unguem?
Annon è Roſtro trepidans Orator abiret,
Porticibus ſubitò irrumpat ſi fortè reclusis
Aut immanis Hyæna, aut ſpumans faucibus Urſus?

Pœnitet incepti Pugnacem ſerò duelli,
Cum lateri jamdudum audax accingitur enſis.
Concita dum Zephyro fugit accelerante Carina,
Serò recedentem reſpectat Navita terram.
Sic ſerò cupimus contracto ducere fræno
Ardua jam tentantem animum, & ſublime volantem:
Fertur in ulteriora, reluctaturque teneri;
Magna vocant, vaſtique ingens patet area campi.

Perpendas animo mecum ſpatia ætheris ampla,
Oceano & terræ medias cedentia partes.
Sollicitus rogito, qua cauſa pendulus Orbis
Nec petat ulterius tolli, timeatve relabi.
Cum reputo, quali Phœbus revolubilis igne
Huncce Globum circa curvato tramite fertur;
De multis dubito terris, utrumne patentes

Effu-

For tell me, when the empty Boaſter's Word
Proclaims himſelf the Univerſal Lord;
Does He not tremble, leſt the *Lion*'s Paw
Should join his Plea againſt the fancy'd Law?
Would not the Learned Coward leave the Chair;
If in the Schools or Porches ſhould appear
The fierce *Hyæna*, or the foaming *Bear*?

The Combatant too late the Field declines;
When now the Sword is girded to his Loins.
When the ſwift Veſſel flies before the Wind;
Too late the Sailor views the Land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Enquiry, rais'd and tow'ring on the Wing:
Forward She ſtrives, averſe to be withheld
From nobler Objects, and a larger Field.

Conſider with me this Ætherial Space,
Yielding to Earth and Sea the middle Place.
Anxious I ask Ye, how the Penſile Ball
Should never ſtrive to riſe, nor fear to fall.
When I reflect, how the revolving Sun
Does round our Globe his crooked Journies run;
I doubt of many Lands, if they contain

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Effuſæ pecudes campos, hominesve frequentent:
Anne aliquis populus fatalia tempora ducat
Sub nimium ardenti propioris lumine ſolis:
An gens ulla ferat, ſeptem ſubjecta trioni,
Diram urſæ feritatem, æternaque vincula brumæ.

Prudentis ſed nonne Dei ſuprema voluntas
Cuique horum ſecreta poteſt concedere dona?
Forſitan ardentes, quibus acrior imminet æſtas,
Lene fluens nobis ignota refrigerat aura;
Fortè vident crebris lætantes imbribus agros,
Exultantque novo fœcundi germinis ortu;
Atque vices noſtras lugent, quèis fata dederunt
Obliquæ Cœlum toties mutabile Sphæræ;
Ipſi dum certo redeuntem tempore Phœbum
Aſpiciunt, paribuſque horis recreantur & ardent,
Gaudentes propiore Die; ſemperque fruuntur
Ignibus haud aliis, & tempeſtatibus iſdem.
Fortè etiam, qui ſorte domos poſuere remota
Ultra *Tartariæ* diffuſas latius oras;
Qua parte, extenſæ ſuper æquora longa diei
Sex fugiunt rutili porrecto tramite menſes;
Mox alii totidem penna nigrante feruntur,
Quos denſa horrentes obducunt nocte vapores;

For-

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Or Herd of Beaſt, or Colony of Man:
If any Nations paſs their deſtin'd Days
Beneath the neighb'ring Sun's directer Rays:
If any ſuffer on the Polar Coaſt,
The Rage of ARCTOS, and eternal Froſt.

May not the Pleaſure of Omnipotence
To each of Theſe ſome ſecret Good diſpenſe?
Thoſe who amidſt the Torrid Regions live,
May they not Gales unknown to us receive;
See daily Show'rs rejoice the thirſty Earth,
And bleſs the flow'ry Buds ſucceeding Birth?
May they not pity Us, condemn'd to bear
The various Heav'n of an obliquer Sphere;
While by fix'd Laws, and with a juſt Return,
They feel twelve Hours that ſhade, for twelve that burn;
And praiſe the neighb'ring Sun, whoſe conſtant Flame
Enlightens them with Seaſons ſtill the ſame?
And may not Theſe, whoſe diſtant Lot is caſt
North beyond TARTARY's extended Waſte;
Where thro'the Plains of one continual Day,
Six ſhining Months purſue their even Way;
And Six ſucceeding urge their dusky Fight,
Obſcur'd with Vapors and o'erwhelm'd in Night:

Forte, inquam, Indigenæ, quos iſta tulere locorum,
(Quod tradant memores ventura in Sæcula faſti)
Hunc noſtrum aſſiduè mutatis vultibus axem
Poſtponunt propriis vicibus, totumque per annum
Partibus ex æquo dimenſis lucis & umbræ:
Forſitan hunc Solem, ſtadiis redeuntibus actum,
Contemnunt, tenuis contractum limite gyri,
Mane citum, medioque ex æthere præcipitatum,
Cum ſupereſt infecta operis pars magna diurni;
Objiciant noſtris quum gentibus, haud ſine jure,
Noctis iter ſubitum, lapſamque fugaciter umbram;
Quòd, graviter feſſos quàm ſat recreaverit artus
Fæta ſalute quies, ſomni nec inutile donum;
Ante reſurgenti cum lumine cura reſurgat
Tædia relliquiaſque heſterni ferre laboris:
Cùm, ſimul ipſorum Phœbus ſe pandat ocellis,
Intrepidis animis ſemeſtri luce fruentes,
Ad nemora inde procul ſecreta, lacuſque remotos
Non interruptos audent intendere curſus;
Et piſcaturam venatuſque impete longo
Indomiti exercent, indefeſſoque vigore.
Et fugiente Dies ubi deſerit æthera curru,
Collectæque monent hyemem nigreſcere nubes,
Frugibus inſtanti pro tempeſtate coactis

Undi-

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May not, I ask, the Natives of theſe Climes
(As Annals may inform ſucceeding Times)
To our Quotidian Change of Heav'n prefer
Their own Viciſſitude, and equal Share
Of Day and Night, diſparted thro' the Year?
May they not ſcorn our Sun's repeated Race,
To narrow bounds preſcrib'd, and little ſpace,
Haſt'ning from Morn, and headlong driv'n from Noon,
Half of our Daily Toil yet ſcarcely done?
May they not juſtly to our Climes upbraid
Shortneſs of Night, and Penury of Shade:
That e'er our weary'd Limbs are juſtly bleſt
With wholeſom Sleep, and neceſſary Reſt;
Another Sun demands return of Care,
The remnant Toil of Yeſterday to bear?
Whilſt, when the Solar Beams ſalute their Sight,
Bold and ſecure in half a Year of Light,
Uninterrupted Voyages they take
To the remoteſt Wood, and fartheſt Lake;
Manage the Fiſhing, and purſue the Courſe
With more extended Nerves, and more continu'd Force.
And when declining Day forſakes their Sky;
When gath'ring Clouds ſpeak gloomy Winter nigh;
With Plenty for the coming Seaſon bleſt,

Six

Undique, ſex totos ducunt ex ordine menſes,
Diſcurſu atque opera, ſtrepitu & mærore ſoluti,
Queis noſtra aſſidui vexatur Scena laboris:
Inſtaurant lautas, multa cum lampade, menſas,
Et facili hoſpitio lætis gratantur Amicis;
Aut dulces narrant Veneres (ea cura quietis
Unica) dum pendent faciles circum ora puellæ;
Deliciis aut elati, requieve ſupini,
(Jucundis vicibus ſolidæ inter munera pacis)
Diffuſam celebrant longa caligine noctem
Plena ſuper pocla & lecti genialis honores.

Plurima qua Nautis audacibus Inſula longè
Panditur, hanc latam procul ultrà diffita terram,
Urſa rigens, maculiſque aſperſæ corpora Lynces
Prædantur valles, ſylvamque horroribus implent:
Eſuriens Crocodilus & Hydræ ſibila colla
Flumine turbato latitant, dumiſque ſub udis:
Nec rudis ipſe minùs brutis Homo, nec minùs aſper
Valleſque & ſylvam, vepreſque & flumina vexat.
Hiſne Viris atque his animalibus exit origo
Ilicis à ſtirpe, aut fœta telluris ab alvo?
Unde igitur vetus illa fides venit, omnia naſci
Frondifera in *Paradiſo*, ortuque unius ADAMI?

Vel

Six ſolid Months (an Age) they live, releas'd
From all the Labor, Proceſs, Clamor, Woe,
Which our ſad Scenes of daily Action know:
They light the ſhining Lamp, prepare the Feaſt,
And with full Mirth receive the welcome Gueſt:
Or tell their tender Loves (the only Care
Which now they ſuffer) to the liſt'ning Fair;
And rais'd in Pleaſure, or repos'd in Eaſe
(Grateful Alternates of ſubſtantial Peace)
They bleſs the long Nocturnal Influence ſhed
On the crown'd Goblets, and the Genial Bed.

In foreign Iſles which our Diſcov'rers find,
Far from this length of Continent disjoin'd;
The rugged *Bears*, or ſpotted *Lynx*'s Brood,
Frighten the Vallies, and infeſt the Wood:
The hungry *Crocodile*, and hiſſing *Snake*
Lurk in the troubl'd Stream and fenny Brake:
And Man untaught, and rav'nous as the Beaſt,
Does Valley, Wood, and Brake, and Stream infeſt.
Deriv'd theſe Men and Animals their Birth
From Trunk of Oak, or pregnant Womb of Earth?
Whence then the Old Belief, that All began
In EDEN's Shade, and one created Man?

Or

Vel ratibus primas, concede, legentibus oras
Hanc iſtuc ſobolem propiori à littore vectam:
An populus, quorum à patria fluxiſſe putemus,
Gentibus innocuis cædemque venenaque ferrent?
An ſecum veherent Urſas Lyncaſque carinis?
Fæcundamne alerent Hydram, gravidamque Colubram?
Nempe fore, ut fætam Crocodilen hoſpita tellus
Acciperet, lætoque ſinu nova monſtra foveret.

Et quando agreſtis penitus ducenda propago
Servato à NOA, clariſque nepotibus exit;
Unde patrum poterant labi de mente ſuorum
Quas artes NOE vel quæ præcepta docebat,
Condere ſemen humo, generoſas ponere vites,
Thuriferiſque pias fanis advolvere flammas?
Dum vivit magni proles infauſta Parentis,
Inſcia vel Bacchum premere aut invertere glebam,
Per valles clivoſque famis ſolatia quærens,
Arte carens omni, virtutem indocta DEUMque.

Deinde ſuper maria ac terras quo more ſequemur
Mirificis renovata modis quæcunque videmus?
Omnia permutata, eadem licet omnia durant;
Particulæ rerum fluitant, ſtat Summa manetque.

Nem-

Or grant, this Progeny was wafted o'er
By coafting Boats from next adjacent Shoar:
Would Thofe, from whom We will fuppofe they fpring,
Slaughter to harmlefs Lands, and Poyfon bring?
Would they on Board or *Bears*, or *Lynxes* take,
Feed the She-*Adder*, and the brooding *Snake*?
Or could they think the new Difcover'd Ifle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant *Crocodile*?

And fince the Savage Lineage we muft trace
From NOAH fav'd, and his diftinguifh'd Race;
How fhould their Fathers happen to forget
The Arts which NOAH taught, the Rules He fet,
To fow the Glebe, to plant the gen'rous Vine,
And load with grateful Flames the Holy Shrine?
While the great Sire's unhappy Sons are found,
Unprefs'd their Vintage, and untill'd their Ground,
Stragling o'er Dale and Hill in queft of Food,
And rude of Arts, of Virtue, and of God.

How fhall We next o'er Earth and Seas purfue
The vary'd Forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd, tho' all is ftill the fame,
Fluid the Parts, yet durable the Frame?

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Nempe ea, quæ fontes rerum atque elementa fatemur,
Materies primas, quibus omnia corpora conſtant,
Quæque novas ſumunt formas. Herbam Unda laborans
Et plantas parit, in terramque coacta rigeſcit;
Diffuſa, aſſurgit Sphæræ ulterioris in orbem,
Et guttis ſenſim expanſis fluit humidus aer.
Particulæ hæ tenues rursùs tolluntur in altum;
Ardeſcunt motu, clarumque agitantur in ignem:
Mox iterum iſte ignis, craſſo magis aere victus,
Impulſuſque deorsùm, utero telluris in amplo,
Permutat partes, neque cernitur amplius ignis;
Sed pulvis rutilus jacet incoctumque metallum:
Aut penetrans venas per magnæ corpora matris
Relliquias veteres alia ſub imagine ponit;
Infuſa vires reſolutas temperat unda
Mollior, & facili jam flumine lenior exit.

Diviſa à notis rapientur flumina ripis,
Immenſumque ferent cumulatæ pondus arenæ,
Merſa nigro in tumulo. Pluvia corroſus edaci,
Ventorumque minis, deſcendet ad uſque jacentem
Planitiem, mons qui caput inter nubila condit:
Planities gradibus ſurget ſublimior æquis,

Quam

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Of thoſe Materials, which have been confeſs'd
The priſtine Springs, and Parents of the reſt,
Each becomes other. Water ſtop'd gives Birth
To Graſs and Plants, and thickens into Earth:
Diffus'd it riſes in a higher Sphere;
Dilates it's Drops, and ſoftens into Air:
Thoſe finer Parts of Air again aſpire;
Move into Warmth, and brighten into Fire:
That Fire once more by thicker Air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious Womb
Alters it's Particles: is Fire no more;
But lies reſplendent Duſt, and ſhining Oar;
Or running thro' the mighty Mother's Veins,
Changes it's Shape; put off it's old Remains;
With wat'ry Parts it's leſſen'd Force divides;
Flows into Waves, and riſes into Tides.

Diſparted Streams ſhall from their Chanels fly,
And deep ſurcharg'd by ſandy Mountains lye,
Obſcurely ſepulcher'd. By eating Rain,
And furious Wind, down to the diſtant Plain
The Hill, that hides his Head above the Skies,
Shall fall: The Plain by ſlow Degrees ſhall riſe

Quàm ſteterant olim ſuprema cacumina montis:
Sic Natura jubet; peraget, quod juſſerit, Ætas.

Omnia ſic fato lapſos mutante per annos
Aut levia aut oneroſa, minuta aut grandia fiunt:
In nebulas ibit *Jordani* lympha futuras,
*Pyramidum*que fluet diffuſa per aera moles:
Piſonis fluctus ætas ventura requiret,
Et nulla inveniet *Babeli* ſigna Viator.

Hæ cum ſæpe vices repetantur, mente tuemur
Immota, tanquam naturæ juſſerit ordo;
Aſt ubi plus ſolito fors una vel altera ſurgat,
Magnificum incipiunt portenti ducere nomen.
Implicitos flexus mens indefeſſa ſequatur,
Et ponat dubios operoſa Scientia fines:
An nuſquam mirac'la extant, an ubique locorum?
Alterutrum ſumas; par forſitan error utrinque eſt.

Avulſum trunco ramum, effætumque flagellum
Voce ſtatim miſſa redivivas trudere frondes
An mirere magis, quàm ſummi culmina clivi
Vi brumæ ſpoliata altiſque immerſa pruinis,
Millia vere novo diffundere millia florum,

Et

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Higher than er'ſt had ſtood the Summit-Hill:
For Time muſt Nature's great Beheſts fulfill.

Thus by a length of Years, and Change of Fate,
All Things are light or heavy, ſmall or great:
Thus JORDAN's Waves ſhall future Clouds appear;
And EGYPT's *Pyramids* refine to Air.
Thus later Age ſhall ask for PISON's Flood;
And Travellers enquire, where BABEL ſtood.

Now where we ſee theſe Changes often fall,
Sedate we paſs them by, as Natural:
Where to our Eye more rarely they appear,
The Pompous Name of Prodigy they bear:
Let active Thought theſe cloſe *Mæanders* trace:
Let Human Wit their dubious Bound'ries place.
Are all Things Miracle; or nothing ſuch?
And prove We not too little, or too much?

For that a Branch cut off, a wither'd Rod
Should at a Word pronounc'd revive and bud:
Is this more ſtrange, than that the Mountain's Brow,
Strip'd by *December*'s Froſt, and white with Snow,
Should puſh, in Spring, ten thouſand thouſand Buds;

And

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Et reduces jactare comas, aliumque virorem?
Æthere diviſo, noctis redeuntibus umbris,
Ambroſios hominum gentem decerpere fructus,
An mirere magis, ſolito quàm pane recentes
Ducere perpetuò languentia corpora vires;
Et ſemen granumque, ſolo commiſſa fideli,
Addere opes cumulis, & multiplicata renaſci;
Quæque manu parca ſulcis modo ſparſit arator,
Mox onerare ſolum, lætaſque effundere meſſes?

Quæ ſe cunque igitur dant ſenſibus obvia noſtris,
Seu vulgata palàm ſeu mira recondita rerum,
Legibus à fixis naturæ ſive ſolutis
Proveniant, his perſpectis id vincitur, omnem
Effectum propriæ deduci ab origine Cauſæ:
Hinc certis gradibus ſe paulatim altius effert,
Et longæ aſcendens per nexum quemque catenæ,
Surgit adhuc, donec cernat quandoque neceſſe eſt
Principium & Fontem vitæ, Numenque ſupremum,
Quod ſtetit à primis, & in ultima ſæcula ſtabit.

Hunc magnum monſtrante DEUM Ratione magiſtra,
Æternum, omnipotentem, atque omni ex parte beatum;
Illius an vires animo metimur, & arctis

Limi-

And boaſt returning Leaves, and blooming Woods?
That each ſucceſſive Night from opening Heav'n
The Food of Angels ſhould to Man be giv'n;
Is this more ſtrange, than that with common Bread
Our fainting Bodies every Day are fed;
Than that each Grain and Seed conſum'd in Earth,
Raiſes it's Store, and multiplies it's Birth;
And from the handful, which the Tiller ſows,
The labour'd Fields rejoice, and future Harveſt flows?

Then from whate'er We can to Senſe produce
Common and plain, or wond'rous and abſtruſe,
From Nature's conſtant or Eccentric Laws,
The thoughtful Soul this gen'ral Inf'rence draws,
That an Effect muſt preſuppoſe a Cauſe.
And while She does her upward Flight ſuſtain,
Touching each Link of the continu'd Chain,
At length ſhe is oblig'd and forc'd to ſee
A Firſt, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and muſt for ever be.

This great Exiſtence thus by Reaſon found,
Bleſt by all Pow'r, with all Perfection crown'd:
How can we bind or limit His Decree,

By

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Limitibus noſtri audemus comprendere ſenſûs?
Ergone congeſtis volvuntur cuncta ſub undis
Ultra explorati confinia diffita mundi?
An DEUS, è tenebris noſtrum qui ſuſtulit orbem,
Hos fluctus aliam juſſit ſecernere terram;
Venturis olim ſcindenda laboribus arva,
Et nondum natis condendas gentibus urbes?
Ante revolventis quàm curſus lubricus ævi
Exactis ſtadiis ter mille peregerit orbes;
Fortè ruent noſtri imperium doctrinaque Mundi,
Occiduaſque artes faſceſque ferentur ad oras.

Quà feror ingenti perculſus imagine? quæ Lux
Tanta ferit ſenſus? quò ſacro rapta furore
Quò te, anima, attollis? quid magnum albeſcere cerno
Æquora per longè ſubjecta? En! Inſula, ſedes
Imperii; gens dives opum, intractabilis armis;
Juſtitia, & blando Clementia mollior ore
Hic ſedes poſuere ſuas; hæc maxima amatæ
Plenius OMNIPOTENS indulſit munera terræ.
Ad Zephyros etiam ulteriùs magnam Inſula famam
Occidua effundit; claſſes victricibus armis
Inſtructas, nondum exploratas mittit ad oras,
Et terras, quas nos fluctus cœlumque putamus.

In-

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By what our Ear has heard, or Eye may ſee?
Say then: Is all in Heaps of Water loſt,
Beyond the Iſlands, and the Mid-land Coaſt?
Or has that God, who gave our World it's Birth,
Sever'd thoſe Waters by ſome other Earth,
Countries by future Plow-ſhares to be torn,
And Cities rais'd by Nations yet unborn?
E'er the progreſſive Courſe of reſtleſs Age
Performs Three thouſand times it's Annual Stage;
May not our Pow'r and Learning be ſuppreſt;
And Arts and Empire learn to travel Weſt?

Where, by the Strength of this *Idea* charm'd,
Lighten'd with Glory, and with Rapture warm'd,
Aſcends my Soul? what ſees She White and Great
Amidſt ſubjected Seas? An ISLE, the Seat
Of Pow'r and Plenty; Her Imperial Throne,
For Juſtice and for Mercy ſought and known;
Virtues Sublime, great Attributes of Heav'n,
From thence to this diſtinguiſh'd Nation giv'n;
Yet farther Weſt the Weſtern ISLE extends
Her happy Fame: her Armed Fleets She ſends
To Climates folded yet from human Eye;
And Lands, which We imagine Wave and Sky.

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Inter utroſque polos audit reſonantia facta,
Imperiumque regit, nullum quod terminat æquor;
Intrepidas ducit naves, & carbaſa pandit
Intra alios ſecura *Indos* Orbemque ſecundum.

ALBION ante omnes (illo ſe nomine quondam
Jactabit) belloque diù famaque vigebit;
Magna diù, fatis dilecta Monarchia franget
Invidiæ dentes, & iniquas temporis iras:
Extenſos felix venerandaque ſtabit in annos,
Incertaſque vices rerum immutata videbit.
Cedent cuncta tamen communi ſubruta fato;
Ipſa auguſta, ingens, morti, licet ultima, cedet.

Jamque oculos humili nimium in tellure morantes
Cærulei Cœli magna in convexa levemus:
En! quale aulei fluitantis more pateſcit,
Nunc matutino pictum variumque rubore;
Luce ſuper media flavo velamine fulgens,
Nigro indutum horrore per alta ſilentia noctis.
Unde umbra & lumen certo diſcrimine ſurgunt
Alternis? unde hos varios trahit Æthra colores?
Quid dux illa animi Ratio plus reddere poſſit,
Quam Solem rutilo diffundere lumina Cœlo,

Et

From Pole to Pole She hears her Acts resound,
And rules an Empire by no Ocean bound;
Knows her Ships anchor'd, and her Sails unfurl'd
In other INDIES, and a second World.

Long shall BRITANNIA (That must be her Name)
Be first in Conquest, and preside in Fame:
Long shall her favor'd Monarchy engage
The Teeth of Envy, and the Force of Age:
Rever'd and Happy She shall long remain,
Of human Things least changeable, least vain.
Yet All must with the gen'ral Doom comply;
And this Great Glorious Pow'r, tho' last, must dye.

Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our Eye
To the large Convex of yon' Azure Sky:
Behold it like an ample Curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the Morning Red;
Anon at Noon in flaming Yellow bright,
And chusing Sable for the peaceful Night.
Ask Reason now, whence Light and Shade were giv'n,
And whence this great Variety of Heav'n:
Reason our Guide, what can She more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the Sky;

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Et radiis inde amotis affurgere noctem,
Splendoremque novum reduces accendere flammas?

Sed fruſtrà Auroræ roſeum ſperamus amictum;
Velârunt imbres, aut incubuere vapores;
Speramus fruſtrà ſolita flavedine ſpargi
Lucis iter medium; aut tempeſtas ingruit atra,
Aut ſubitum emicuit fulgur. Nunc horrida denſis
Nox cœlo incumbit tenebris, fæcunda timorum;
Gaudia nunc eadem parit, attonitique videmus
Innumeras Stellas, æternaque lumina Mundi.
Maturate, ſenes, totaſque intendite vires
Ingenii, & multo tandem ſudore repertas
Narrate aerias reſolutas uſque columnas,
Circuituſque undarum, & torta volumina fumi.
Dat Reſponſum alias voces, fruſtràque reſartum
Quaſſa novis fulcit compagibus Argumenta:
Diſſimili ſub veſte latens Ænigma recurrit;
Quærentemque eludit inextricabilis Error.

En! Sol indomitus robuſti more Gigantis
Immenſo varios rotat orbe volubilis orbes,
Dum duplici vehitur curſu; tamen ordine certo
Mutaturque dies, finiſque imponitur Anno.

Mox

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Than that Night riſes from his abſent Ray,
And his returning Luſtre kindles Day?

But we expect the Morning Red in vain:
'Tis hid in Vapors, or obſcur'd by Rain.
The Noontyde Yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in Storm, or red in Light'ning Fire.
Pitchy and dark the Night ſometimes appears,
Friend to our Woe, and Parent of our Fears:
Our Joy and Wonder ſometimes She excites,
With Stars unnumber'd, and eternal Lights.
Send forth, Ye Wiſe, ſend forth your lab'ring Thought:
Let it return with empty Notions fraught,
Of airy Columns every Moment broke,
Of circling Whirlpools, and of Spheres of Smoke:
Yet this Solution but once more affords
New Change of Terms, and ſcaffolding of Words:
In other Garb my Queſtion I receive;
And take the Doubt the very ſame I gave.

Lo! as a Giant ſtrong the luſty Sun
Multiply'd Rounds in one great Round does run,
Twofold his Courſe, yet conſtant his Career,
Changing the Day, and finiſhing the Year.

Again

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Mox ubi decurſo pronus redit æthere, blandum
Tempus agens feſſis; placidaque involvitur umbra
Terra filens; tacitum dat Luna alterna nitorem,
Languidulumque diem radiis diffundit amicis:
Ipſa tamen certis, mutabilis ora, recurrit
Legibus, & juſſos obſervat menſtrua curſus.
Quiſque Planetarum proprio revolutus in orbe
Libratis fertur ſplendenti tramite pennis:
Quiſque ſua varium jactat pro ſorte nitorem,
Et regit incluſos diviſo in limite currus;
Dumque volans aditum ſuper arva liquentia ſcindit,
Alterius neque vim confert neque detrahit alis.
Anne hi ſplendeſcunt vero fulgore Planetæ?
An ſua quemque dies illuſtrat & inſitus ardor?
An verum eſt, quod jam veſtri explicuere labores,
Obſervare omnes Solem, atque hoc ducere fonte
Furtivos radios, & non ſua mittere tela?

Millia quinetiam Stellarum millia cerno,
Quas neque lineolæ cohibent, neque quadra, nec orbes;
(Heu! normæ tenues, finitæ copia mentis,
Cum ſeritur, vel aratur humus, cum condimus ædes.)
Luce tamen diffuſa adeo variaque refulgent,
Quanta manum loquitur, quæ finxerat, Infinitam.

Quam

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Again when his deſcending Orb retires,
And Earth perceives the Abſence of his Fires;
The Moon affords us Her alternate Ray,
And with kind Beams diſtributes fainter Day:
Yet keeps the Stages of her Monthly Race,
Various her Beams, and changeable her Face.
Each Planet ſhining in his proper Sphere,
Does with juſt Speed his radiant Voyage ſteer:
Each ſees his Lamp with diff'rent Luſtre crown'd:
Each knows his Courſe with diff'rent Periods bound;
And is his Paſſage thro' the liquid Space,
Nor haſtens, nor retards his Neighbor's Race.
Now ſhine theſe Planets with ſubſtantial Rays?
Does innate Luſtre gild their meaſur'd Days?
Or do they (as your Schemes, I think, have ſhown)
Dart furtive Beams, and Glory not their own,
All Servants to that Source of Light, the Sun?

Again I ſee ten thouſand thouſand Stars,
Nor caſt in Lines, in Circles, nor in Squares:
(Poor Rules, with which our bounded Mind is fill'd,
When We would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But ſhining with ſuch vaſt, ſuch various Light,
As ſpeaks the Hand, that form'd them, Infinite:

How

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Quam forma exilis, quam gloria parva videtur
Humani ingenii ſummo quæſita labore,
Si juxtà ſpectetur amabile conſonus ordo,
Quem Natura jubet, ſtatuit quem Spiritus orbis!

Si verò in noſtras deſcendat mitiùs oras
Vivida vis Solis, nimio neque torreat igne;
Ardoris ſeſe extendit pars quantula ſphæris
Diviſis longo ſpatio, cœloque remoto?
Stellarumque, acies noſtri quas languida viſûs
Æterno fixas cœli ſub fornice cernit,
Quæque ſuis opibus, nativo & dives honore,
Fortè vibrat validos propriis de fontibus ignes,
Sol Ipſa; atque alios orbes, oculiſque negatas
Humanis, luſtrat diffuſo lumine Terras.
Forſitàn & fuſo circum æthere cornua Lunæ
Diminuunt reparantque novæ, ſurguntque caduntque;
Atque alia hos circum volvuntur Sydera Soles,
Quæ noſtræ in morem Telluris ſemina certis
Fætibus apta ferunt, regioneſque ordine certo
Diviſas, terraſque ſuas, ſuaque æquora nôrunt.
Hi tamen ardentes adeò radicitùs Orbes,
Clara receptac'la, & fæcundi lumine fontes,

Inter

How mean the Order and Perfection ſought
In the beſt Product of the human Thought,
Compar'd to the great Harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the World ordains!

Now if the Sun on Earth tranſmits his Ray,
Yet does not ſcorch us with too fierce a Day;
How ſmall a Portion of his Pow'r is giv'n
To Orbs more diſtant, and remoter Heav'n?
And of thoſe Stars, which our imperfect Eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one Eternal Sky,
Each by a native ſtock of Honor great,
May dart ſtrong Influence, and diffuſe kind Heat,
It ſelf a Sun; and with tranſmiſſive Light
Enliven Worlds deny'd to human Sight:
Around the Circles of their ambient Skies
New Moons may grow or wane, may ſet or riſe;
And other Stars may to thoſe Suns be Earths;
Give their own Elements their proper Births;
Divide their Climes, or elevate their Pole;
See their Lands flouriſh, and their Oceans roll;
Yet theſe great Orbs thus radically bright,
Primitive Founts, and Origins of Light,

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Inter ſe alternis poſſunt (ut quiſque profundo
Ætheris in gremio propiùſve aut longiùs abſit)
Igne minore Aſtrum vel nobiliore videri;
Altoque in Spatio, cui cœlum nomen & aer,
Mille ſimul Terræ, Lunæ, Soleſque latere
Immenſi, quos noſtra incaſſum lumina quærunt.

Necquicquam effuſum ſpatiis creſcentibus orbem
Metiri, aut certum meditamur ponere centrum;
Sphæra ingens ſe expandit adhuc, neſcitque teneri
Limite vel fiƈto, mentemque irridet inanem.

Quò tot diffugere igitur radiantia Monſtra,
Quêis veſtri attonitum conceptus æthera complent?
Effigies vanæ qua mundi in parte manebunt?
Chaldæi nempe in cerebro, piƈtiſque tabellis.

Hoc Problema tamen, quod Opinio parturit ægra,
Progeniem Veri fas ſit concedere; Stellas
Has cœli nitidas, quæ ſic terrentque juvantque
Mirantes oculos, trepidos lætoſque tuendo,
Eſſe orbes modulo numeroque & fine carentes.
An verò hi pandunt radios, ſphæraſque revolvunt,
Nempè tibi ut placeant, tibi lucis munera præſtent,

Nil

May each to other (as their diff'rent Sphere
Makes or their Diſtance, or their Height appear)
Be ſeen a nobler, or inferior Star;
And in that Space, which We call Air and Sky,
Myriads of Earths, and Moons, and Suns may lye
Unmeaſur'd, and unknown by human Eye.

In vain We meaſure this amazing Sphere,
And find and fix it's Centre here or there;
Whilſt it's Circumf'rence, ſcorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd Space, illudes our vanquiſh'd Thought.

Where then are all the radiant *Monſters* driv'n,
With which your Gueſſes fill'd the frighten'd Heav'n?
Where will their fictious Images remain?
In Paper Schemes, and the CHALDEAN's Brain.

This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Gueſs,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confeſs;
That theſe fair Stars, theſe Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our ſearching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immenſe, unnumber'd, infinite:
But do theſe Worlds diſplay their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to ſerve thy Uſe, to pleaſe thy Pride?

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Nil nisi pulvis, Homo; concluſus corporis arcto
Limite, curriculoque ævi breviore coactus?
Jure pari minima in terris Formicula jactet
In ſua *Caucaſeum* veſtigia ſurgere Clivum:
Sic Limax, magnos *Lebani* ſe extendere ſaltus,
Quêis ipſe incedat latè, & ſibi colligat eſcam:
Sic tenuiſſima Concha, inhians in littoris ora
Latè exporrecti circum vaſta æquora, dicat,
Eminùs incultum pendere per aera ſaxum,
Ipſa equidem fundo ut lateat ſecurior imo;
Oceanique omnes pariter concurrere vires,
Ut levet ipſa ſitim, teſtamque agitata niteſcat.

Intrepidis Dea ſe rapiens ſublimius alis
Corporeos orbes, Cœlumque locale relinquit:
Quêis formata animis Superûm gens priſtina, quærit,
Aut ubi ſint campi quos incoluere creati.
Impavido MICHAELI audacia LUCIFER arma
(Sic ſancti memorant antiquo carmine Vates)
Oppoſuit, Cherubeſque auſi concurrere, telis
Tela adverſa tulere & ſcuta minantia ſcutis:
Plauſit ovans Cœlum, tremuitque doloribus Orcus.
Hæ quænam formæ, quas veſtra volumina narrant?
Ut ſtabat bene fida, ut perfida turma peribat!

Hæc

Thy ſelf but Duſt, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; fooliſh Man!
As well may the minuteſt Emmet ſay,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON's extended Wood
Was deſtin'd only for his Walk, and Food;
The vileſt Cockle, gaping on the Coaſt
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boaſt,
The craggy Rocks projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters ſwell,
Only to quench his Thirſt, or move and blanch his Shell.

A higher Flight the vent'rous GODDESS tries,
Leaving material Worlds, and local Skies:
Enquires, what are the Beings, where the Space,
That form'd and held the ANGELS ancient Race.
For Rebel LUCIFER with MICHAEL fought
(I offer only what Tradition taught)
Embattl'd Cherub againſt Cherub roſe;
Did Shield to Shield, and Pow'r to Pow'r oppoſe:
Heav'n rung with Triumph: Hell was fill'd with Woes.
What were theſe Forms, of which your Volumes tell,
How ſome fought great, and others recreant fell?

Theſe

Hæc damnata pati diros ſine fine labores,
Numinis æternum exilium, longaſque catenas;
Horrendis vicibus miſeros vexare lacertos,
Per liquidum ſudans ſulphur, ſolidoſve per ignes:
Altera primævæ dum ſurgit ad atria lucis,
Delicias inter vivas, à fonte fluentes
Æterno, quorum rara intervalla voluptas
Tempeſtate gravi patitur, veneranda JEHOVÆ
Cum mandata vocant vindictæ effundere nimbum
Atrocem in Regis ſtomachum, Populumque rebellem:
Aut magni trepidanda refigere juſſa TONANTIS,
Et narrare manu lapſuras fulminis iras,
Cum ponit ſupplex animos faſtumque Tyrannus,
Et plorat Populus lacrimoſa in veſte rebellis.
Quî Superi poſſint cœlorum in limite claudi?
Quî cerni Facies, finis quam nulla coercet?
Summa vel ima DEUS, tenet hæc, tenet iſta locorum?
Omnia qui finxit, nonne omnia numine complet?
O! ubi nigra cohors talem ſcrutabitur umbram,
Tam ſpiſſam tenebris, Lumen quæ fallat acutum,
Sublimem Autorem viſûs, oculique Parentem?

Angelus intereà quid creditur eſſe? videtur
Mens pura? an ſolidum corpus, ſeu mollior aer?

Men-

Theſe bound to bear an everlaſting Load,
Durance of Chain, and Baniſhment of God;
By fatal Turns their wretched Strength to tire;
To ſwim in ſulph'rous Lakes, or land on ſolid Fire:
While Thoſe exalted to primæval Light,
Exceſs of Bleſſing, and Supreme Delight,
Only perçeive ſome little Pauſe of Joys
In thoſe great Moments, when their God imploys
Their Miniſtry, to pour his threaten'd Hate
On the proud King, or the Rebellious State:
Or to reverſe JEHOVAH's high Command,
And ſpeak the Thunder falling from his Hand,
When to his Duty the proud King returns;
And the Rebellious State in Aſhes mourns.
How can good Angels be in Heav'n confin'd;
Or view that Preſence, which no Space can bind?
Is GOD above, beneath, or yon', or here?
He who made all, is He not ev'ry where?
O how can wicked Angels find a Night
So dark, to hide 'em from that piercing Light,
Which form'd the Eye, and gave the Pow'r of Sight?

What mean I now, of Angel when I hear;
Firm Body, Spirit pure, or fluid Air?

Spi-

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Mentes nulla operum niſi mentibus apta ſecutæ,
Pectoribus noſtris faciles, animiſque propinquæ,
Internos tantùm motus ſub corde cierent,
Se neque ſubjicerent externo luminis igni.
Nonne autem noſtri quondam novere Parentes
Eſſe illis ſenſumque dapum, cumque artubus offa?
Ni foret, ABRAMUS feſſos potuitne lavare,
Aut SARA jucundis epulis lenire palatum?
Surgeret unde timor? quò LOTI audacia, captos
Eripere, & ſævum membris arcere furorem?
Quo more ingreſſus certamina vera JACOBUS
Luctantis Seraphini ictus perſenſit iniquos?
Qua vi Materiæ potuit ſe opponere Forma,
Aut Anima exilis mortalia tangere Membra?

Aere denſato conſtant, radiiſve coactis?
Unde igitur flectuntque animos, & noſtra per auras
Vota ferunt? ipſos levibus ludibria ventis
Spargeret auſter agens, & turbine ferret iniquo.

An credam indutos (ut ſacro carmine fertur)
Materiem veram, ſolidaſque ad corpora vires?
Quî fit (quandoquidem nos æqua ſorte potitos
Numen idem circum expanſis complectitur alis)

Ipſis

Spirits to Action ſpiritual confin'd,
Friends to our Thought, and Kindred to our Mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external Eye be ever ſeen.
Was it not therefore to our Fathers known,
That theſe had Appetite, and Limbs, and Bone?
Elſe how could ABRAM waſh their weary'd Feet;
Or SARAH pleaſe their Taſte with ſav'ry Meat?
Whence ſhould they fear? or why did LOT engage
To ſave their Bodies from abuſive Rage?
And how could JACOB, in a real Fight,
Feel or reſiſt the wreſtling Angel's Might?
How could a Form it's Strength with Matter try?
Or how a Spirit touch a Mortal's Thigh?

Now are they Air condens'd, or gather'd Rays?
How guide they then our Pray'r, or keep our Ways,
By ſtronger Blaſts ſtill ſubject to be toſt,
By Tempeſts ſcatter'd, and in Whirlwinds loſt?

Have they again (as Sacred Song proclaims)
Subſtances real, and exiſting Frames?
How comes it, ſince with them we jointly ſhare
The great Effect of one Creator's Care;

Ipſis fortia adhuc floreſcere lætaque membra,
Dum noſtri languent pereuntque doloribus artus?
Cur, Nobis ſub valle diù luctantibus ima
Contra pauperiem & curas, morbumque necemque,
Ipſi perpetuæ producunt munera vitæ
Mellifluos inter cantus ſcenaſque virentes?

dum,
Mens vaga dum latum circumſpicit undique Mun-
Agnoſcitque, Nihil ſe efferre in lumina poſſe;
Dum ſurgit paulatim, atque ordine ſingula luſtrat,
Percurrit valles pictas, clivoſque feraces
Umbrarum; fontes vivos, mineraſque tepentes,
Auguſtum *Thameſin*, fæcundaque flumina *Nili*:
Omne etiam genus in terris, pecudeſque feraſque,
Seu ſaltus & prata colant, ſeu littoris oras;
Et mare qui tranant vaſtum, quique ætheris auras,
Pinnigerum alatumque gregem; Vermemque puſillum,
Terrarum imbellem Dominum, ſub corpore parvo
Jactantem ætherios divini pectoris ignes.
Jamque ſuperne volans Cœli convexa tuetur,
Ætheraque expanſum, quem cærula gloria veſtit
Effuſum ingenti ſpatio, noctiſque per umbram
Innumeræ complent immenſo lumine Stellæ;
Hinc recolit Superos, titulis qui inſignibus aucti,

Or-

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That whilſt our Bodies ſicken, and decay,
Their's are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilſt We ſtruggle in this Vale beneath,
With Want and Sorrow, with Diſeaſe and Death,
Do They more bleſs'd perpetual Life employ
On Songs of Pleaſure, and in Scenes of Joy?

Now when my Mind has all this World ſurvey'd,
And found, that Nothing by it ſelf was made;
When Thought has rais'd it ſelf by juſt Degrees,
From Vallies crown'd with Flow'rs, and Hills with Trees;
From ſmoaking Min'rals, and from riſing Streams;
From fatt'ning NILUS, or victorious THAMES;
From all the Living, that four-footed move
Along the Shoar, the Meadow, or the Grove;
From all that can with Finns, or Feathers fly
Thro' the Aerial, or the Wat'ry Sky;
From the poor Reptile with a reas'ning Soul,
That miſerable Maſter of the Whole;
From this great Object of the Body's Eye,
This fair Half-round, this ample azure Sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright
With Stars unnumber'd, and unmeaſur'd Light;
From Eſſences unſeen, Celeſtial Names,

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Ordine quiſque ſuo, propter Solia ardua, fido
Grande ſatellitio ſtipant latus OMNIPOTENTIS;
Perque omnem rerum ſeriem, longamque catenam,
Ducitur ad magnum Autorem, qui ſemina vitæ
Infudit Toti, legeſque & fœdera ſanxit:
Qui (Vox quippe operi par eſt, factoque Voluntas)
E nihilo juſſit pulcrum conſurgere Mundum;
Sæculaque evolvens tanquam ſpatia arcta diei,
Inſtituit Lucem radios expandere amicos,
Et Solem Lunamque ſuos agnoſcere curſus.
Ille utero à cæco emiſit revolubile Tempus,
Præſcriptoque dedit veſtigia flectere gyro:
Ipſe ſuæ geſtans tanquam per concava dextræ,
Ingentis Domini juſſa obſervare paratum,
Mundi grande Penu, quà ſe menſeſque dieſque
Effuſæque horæ, & breviores temporis omnes
Particulæ agglomerant, & deinde haud amplius extant.
Ipſe idem & primus rerum & poſtremus, adinſtar
Artificis figuli, veluti matrice profundam
Hanc ſphæram effinxit, juſſitque effulgere, qualem
Attonitis oculis & læta mente videmus.
At nutu mutare valet vel perdere Totum;
Et ſacrum illud opus, ſtellatum, illuſtre Volumen
Membranæ in morem crepitantibus urere flammis:

Ter-

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Enlight'ning Spirits, and miniſterial Flames,
Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrones,
All that in each Degree the name of Creature owns:
Lift we our Reaſon to that Sov'reign Cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with Life, and bounded it with [Laws;
Who forth from Nothing call'd this comely Frame,
His Will and Act, His Word and Work the ſame;
To whom a thouſand Years are but a Day;
Who bad the Light her genial Beams diſplay;
And ſet the Moon, and taught the Sun his Way:
Who waking Time, his Creature, from the Source
Primæval, order'd his predeſtin'd Courſe:
Himſelf, as in the Hollow of his Hand,
Holding, obedient to His high Command,
The deep Abyſs, the long continu'd Store,
Where Months, and Days, and Hours, and Minutes [pour
Their floating Parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This ALPHA and OMEGA, Firſt and Laſt,
Who like the Potter in a Mould has caſt
The World's great Frame, commanding it to be
Such as the Eyes of Senſe and Reaſon ſee;
Yet if He wills, may change or ſpoil the whole:
May take yon' beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry Roll,
And burn it, like an uſeleſs parchment Scroll:

May

Terramque extemplò, divulſam à ſedibus imis,
Fluctibus ut ſervent tumidis liqueſacta metalla,
Ignibus undantem diffundere ----
Solus ab æterno, prima ante exordia rerum,
OMNIPOTENS, Æther, Tellus, Mare, Sydera fiant,
Dixit; Erant. Atque his quondam contraria fata
Cum ſtatuet, jubeat, ceſſabunt eſſe: verendum
Hoc juvat Argumentum audaci dicere lingua,
Hoc ingens ſacrumque æterna in ſæcula Nomen;
Hunc juvat enarrare DEUM. ----

Mirati mea verba, Senes ſiluere; ſtupentes
Mutua in alternos flexerunt lumina vultus,
Reſpondere nihil, nihil auſi efferre; pudorem
Turba ſilens celare cupit, proditque ſilendo.
Dum quidam, gravitas cui veſtiit ora ſerena,
Cui major Vulgo fulgebat gratia, cæpit;
Ulteriùs non poſſe animi contendere vires,
Diſcere quàm noſtræ felicia dogmata vocis;
Eſſe mei, dictare; ſuique, attendere dictis;
Me cunctis ſimul Imperio Ingenioque priorem;
Genteſque attonitas uno fremere ore, diſertum
Cedere laude mihi JESSIDEM, cedere MOSEM.
Genua alter flexit, facturus verba; futura

Sæ-

May from it's *Baſis* in one Moment pour
This melted Earth ----
Like liquid Metal, and like burning Oar:
Who ſole in Pow'r, at the Beginning ſaid;
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heav'n be made:
And it was ſo --- And when He ſhall ordain
In other Sort, has but to ſpeak again,
And They ſhall be no more: Of this great Theme,
This Glorious, Hallow'd, Everlaſting Name,
This GOD, I would diſcourſe ----

The learned Elders ſat appall'd, amaz'd;
And each with mutual Look on other gaz'd.
Nor Speech They meditate, nor Anſwer frame:
Too plain, alas! their Silence ſpake their Shame:
'Till One, in whom an outward Mien appear'd,
And Turn ſuperior to the vulgar Herd,
Began; that Human Learning's furtheſt Reach
Was but to note the Doctrines I could teach;
That Mine to Speak, and Their's was to Obey:
For I in Knowledge more, than Pow'r did ſway;
And the aſtoniſh'd World in Me beheld
MOSES eclips'd, and JESSE'S Son excell'd.
Humble a Second bow'd, and took the Word;

Fore-

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Sæcula proſpexit noſtrum venerantia nomen;
Prudentûm ô vivas Tu Prudentiſſime, dixit;
Nil oriturum aliàs, nihil ortum tale fatemur.

O Vitii fæcunda parens, ô peſtis Honeſti
Suadela artificis linguæ! tua ſemina dira,
Tempeſtate parùm fauſta dextraque nefanda,
Luxuriante ſolo Virtutis ſparſa, repentè
Viribus exauctis culta inter ſplendida ſurgunt,
Et teneros urunt campi ridentis honores.

Intereà cruciata animos ſine honore Caterva,
Scrutantî mihi muta, ferens ad ſydera laudes
Altius inſonuit. Quo Res è fonte fluebant,
Aut quî ſic extant, ultrò neſcire fatetur,
Plurima qui novit; ſed cernunt temporis omnes
Scilicet occulti fatum, eventuſque futuros.

Jamque adeo dirimunt Vates, victique Sophiſtæ
Commiſſas verborum acies & inania bella.
At non *Rabbini, Logici* non cedere nôrunt;
Uſque recedentes certant; campoque relicto
Inviti admittunt ingrata Silentia pacis,

De-

Foreſaw my Name by future Age ador'd.
O Live, ſaid He, thou Wiſeſt of the Wiſe!
As None has equall'd, None ſhall ever riſe
Excelling Thee ----

Parent of wicked, Bane of honeſt Deeds,
Pernicious Flatt'ry! Thy malignant Seeds
In an ill Hour, and by a fatal Hand
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's Gleby Land,
With riſing Pride amidſt the Corn appear,
And choak the Hopes and Harveſt of the Year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble Crowd
Mute to my Queſtions, in my Praiſes loud,
Echo'd the Word: whence Things aroſe, or how
They thus exiſt, the Apteſt nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All Veil of Doubt apart, the Dulleſt ſee.

My Prophets, and my Sophiſts finiſh'd here
Their Civil Efforts of the Verbal War:
Not ſo my *Rabbins*, and *Logicians* yield:
Retiring ſtill they combat: from the Field
Of open Arms unwilling they depart,

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Dedecorique Artis cupiunt obducere nubem.
Diverſis eadem linguis narrare laborant;
Per longas verborum ambages cognita rerum
Exponunt; vanas leges præceptaque fingunt,
Artifices voces, & diſſona verba Scholarum;
Dogmata fucatis malè fulta coloribus artis,
Argutoſque Sales Rationi opponere certant.

Nec mora, quin ſeſe ſtudia in contraria ſcindit
Diſcors turba Senum: quod fortiter afferit Ille,
Hic negat; hoſtili lingua ſibi quiſque viciſſim
Appetit alterius raptam de fronte coronam.

Ut premit humanos Caligo miſerrima Senſus!
Quiſque novus falſa Specie prætexitur Error,
Palanteſque incerta eludit lucis imago.

Gens hominum infelix! veſtri ex quo ſanguinis Autor
Opprobrio petiit connexis frondibus umbram;
Ut labem primi ſoboles imitata Parentis
Ejuſdem repetit veteris veſtigia culpæ!
Turpe patet nimiùm nudatæ infamia Mentis;
Cur ita diffuſum quærens celare pudorem
Eloquii tibi vela paras, pictoſque colores?

Blan-

And ſculk behind the Subterfuge of Art.
To ſpeak one Thing mix'd Dialects they join;
Divide the Simple, and the Plain define;
Fix fancy'd Laws, and form imagin'd Rules,
Terms of their Art, and Jargon of their Schools,
Ill-grounded Maxims by falſe Gloſs enlarg'd,
And captious Science againſt Reaſon charg'd.

Soon their crude Notions with each other fought:
The adverſe Sect deny'd, what This had taught;
And He at length the ampleſt Triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the laſt maintain'd.

O wretched Impotence of human Mind!
We erring ſtill Excuſe for Error find;
And darkling grope, not knowing We are blind.

Vain Man! ſince firſt the bluſhing Sire eſſay'd
His Folly with connected Leaves to ſhade;
How does the Crime of thy reſembling Race
With like Attempt that priſtine Error trace?
Too plain thy Nakedneſs of Soul eſpy'd,
Why doſt Thou ſtrive the conſcious Shame to hide
By Masks of Eloquence, and Veils of Pride?

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Blandifluis verbis arridens ore ſereno,
Ægrum dixi animum placido ſermone levari;
Aſt iterum tacitæ converſus in intima mentis,
Anxius, hæc imo necquicquam corde revolvi.
Multùm exploranti fruſtrà Labor uſque recurrit;
Quæſivi tandem, plus ponderis intus haberet
Lux noſtri an Caligo animi; ſtant lancibus æquis:
Tollitur hæc ſursùm, deflectitur illa deorsùm.

Conſcia jam demùm Ratio me agnoſcere cogit,
Nos bene ſcire nihil, dum plurima ſcire videmur.
Heu! ſequimur nubes, & tundimus aera; menti
Accumulat curas pacis maleſana cupido.
Materiæ fineſne datur tranſcendere Menti?
Quiſve mihi quid ſit Spatium, quid Tempora, dicat?
Necquicquam ad cæcos aſpirant Lumina tractus,
Quos DEUS æterna juſſit caligine volvi:
Scrutator petit uſque; ſed effugit uſque petitum.
Pars iſta exilis, quam niſu addiſcimus ægro,
Ulteriora ſequi ſuadet, ſallitque ſequentem,
Quodque latet, fruſtra Mens indagare laborat.
Convulſum lacerat Sententia multa cerebrum:
Mutantur mentes; tamen uſque revertitur Error;
Cura animum gravior, meditantem plura, fatigat.

Quam

With outward Smiles their Flatt'ry I receiv'd;
Own'd my Sick Mind by their Diſcourſe reliev'd;
But bent and inward to my Self again
Perplex'd, theſe Matters I revolv'd; in vain.
My Search ſtill tir'd, my Labor ſtill renew'd,
At length I Ignorance, and Knowledge view'd,
Impartial; Both in equal Balance laid:
Light flew the knowing Scale; the doubtful Heavy [weigh'd.

Forc'd by reflective Reaſon, I confeſs,
That human Science is uncertain Gueſs.
Alas! We graſp at Clouds, and beat the Air,
Vexing that Spirit We intend to clear.
Can Thought beyond the Bounds of Matter climb?
Or who ſhall tell Me, what is Space or Time?
In vain We lift up our preſumptuous Eyes
To what our Maker to their Ken denies:
The Searcher follows faſt; the Object faſter flies.
The little which imperfectly We find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd Mind
To fruitleſs Search of Something yet behind.
Various Diſcuſſions tear our heated Brain:
Opinions often turn; ſtill Doubts remain;
And who indulges Thought, increaſes Pain.

How

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Quam tenui clauſa orbiculo Sapientia ſudat!
Perluſtrat terras: ſperat comprendere cœlum:
Obſcuras feſſis nubes nunc pervolat alis,
Nunc acri perculſa Diei luce vagatur;
Latèque expanſi ſupremo à culmine tractûs
Vix, trepidante oculo, videt eminùs INFINITUM.

Pectore fige memor, ſacro ex ardore ſciendi,
ADAMO prognate, tuos fluxiſſe dolores.
Cur vano ulteriùs curſu tibi corda fatigas?
Cur vetitos captat temeraria dextera fructus;
Dum niſu eluſo ſudans, vacuoque labore
Expetis ut vitam quæſita Scientia pandat?
Æterno à ſacra depelleris Arbore fato,
Quam circum ardeſcunt Gladii, CHERUBESQ; minantur.

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How narrow Limits were to Wiſdom giv'n!
Earth She ſurveys: She thence would meaſure Heav'n:
Thro' Miſts obſcure, now wings her tedious Way:
Now wanders dazl'd with too bright a Day;
And from the Summit of a pathleſs Coaſt
Sees INFINITE, and in that Sight is loſt.

Remember, that the curs'd Deſire to know,
Off-ſpring of ADAM, was thy Source of Woe.
Why wilt Thou then renew the vain Purſuit,
And raſhly catch at the forbidden Fruit?
With empty Labour and eluded Strife
Seeking, by Knowledge, to attain to Life;
For ever from that fatal Tree debarr'd,
Which flaming Swords and angry CHERUBS guard.

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